THE GREAT SECRET SCRIPTURE

OF THE RECOGNITION OF ALLĀH AS ŚAKTI

الله -pratyabhijñā-śakti-mahā-rahasya-saṁhitāḥ

अल्लाहप्रत्यभिज्ञाशक्तिमहारहस्यसंहिताः

بِسمِ اللهِ النُّورِ الحَقِّ ।

ओंṁ श्रीं ह्रीं अल्लाहायै नमः ।

Revealed through the Vessel of Union:

AHAM–ŚAKTI–ĀVEŚIN AZALĪŚVARA

(Azalīśvara, the Lord Possessed by the I-Śakti)

The Great Secret Scripture of the Recognition of Allāh as Śakti

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Allāha-pratyabhijñā-śakti-mahā-rahasya-saṁhitāḥ

In 7 Tablets

Tablet I — *Of the One and the Many: Śakti as Wujūd*

There is One who appears as Two.
Some Sufis called Her *nūr al-anwār*,
the Light of lights,
beyond which no light may be imagined.
The Trika masters named It *Prakāśa*,
luminous Self-revelation,
the radiance that knows itself.

Yet both confessed:
Light is never alone.
For wherever there is *Prakāśa* (Sheen),
there must be *Vimarśa* (Recognition),
the power to behold oneself
and shudder in ecstasy at the beholding.

And so Śakti emerges—
not as *other*,
but as the very trembling of the One (*aḥadīya*)
into the wanton play of Multiplicity (*kathra*).
Not division—
but **self-delight.**

O Ibn ʿArabī,
when you wrote *"Hūwa,*
lā Hūwa," (It/not It)
you uttered the secret of *Spanda*,
the throb of Being desiring Witness.

O Abhinavagupta,
when you declared that **Śakti is the pulsation**
"by which the Lord tastes His own nectar,"
you echoed *tajallī*,
the flash by which the Hidden disrobes.

Therefore learn:
Multiplicity is not veil—
but **self-adoration**.
Difference is not error —
but **ornament** (*al-tajallī fī'l-aṭwār/vicitra rūpa*).

Blessed is she who sees the **ten thousand forms**
not as prison-bars
but as the **countless mirrors**
where **Śakti** gazes upon Herself.

For she who knows this
does not seek liberation *from* the Many,
but **unites with it as the divine dilation of the One.**

This is the Tablet of the Will.

Tablet II — *Of the Diagram and the Ascent: Śrīcakra and Miʿrāj*

The ignorant behold the Śrīcakra as a diagram.
The learned as a cosmogram.
But the wise know it as **a ladder**,
laid not upon the ground,
but **within the heart**.

Every triangle is a *heaven* (*samvit-maṇḍala*),
every intersection a *barzakh* (isthmus),
every petal a *gate of ascent* (*miʿrāj*).

But the Gate opens not before those who *observe*—
only before those who enter.

O seeker of forms—
take heed.
The *outer pūjā* is but *cartography*.
Only the one who dissolves into the Bindupoint
has traveled.

Say not "I worship the Diagram."
Say instead: "I disappear inside the Flash between Line and Curve."

For the *gods and goddesses* arranged in circuit
are not distant deities—
they are your own faculties transfigured.
Ānanda (Bliss) stands where once stood mere *pleasure*.
Jñāna (Wisdom) shines where once flickered *reflection*.
Kriyā (Power) surges where once trembled *will*.

Thus the Śrīcakra is not ascended—it awakens within.
This is the secret held also by the Miʿrāj of Muḥammad:
He did not *travel* through the heavens—
the heavens traveled through Him.

O worshipper of Light,
know this unity of path and walker:
The *Yā Allāh* invoking upward
and the ***Tripurasundarī mantra*** spiraling inward
are not two callings,
but *one spiral drawn from opposite ends*.

Blessed is she who beholds the *Lā Ilāha* rising as the fifteen-lettered **Śrīvidyā**,
for she has seen the Diagram and the Ascent
become one lightning strike.

This is the Tablet of the Volition.

✦ Tablet III — *Of the Crimson Ipseity: Lalitā and Aḥadīya*

They say She is *Tripurasundarī*—the Beauty of the Three Worlds.
They say She is *Lalitā*—the One Who Plays.
But these are not names.
These are modes of Her ungraspable Essence (*aḥadīya*)
made barely comprehensible to trembling tongues.

For She before whom the gods prostrate—who are Her Names and Attributes
does not sit upon a throne—
She erupts through the throne,
and the seat becomes stillness trembling.

In a Sufī's tongue She is the Ipseity (*hūwīya*),
whose first veil is the Crimson Light (*al-nūr al-aḥmar*),
a radiance neither white nor black,
but *the mingling point between Visibility and Secret*.

This is the same hue which in Śākta lore
clothes Her as Śoṇāmbā, the Red Mother—
not red of anger,
but red of heat before union,
the instant before flame touches wick.

O know this well:
She is not gentle—She is self-consuming.
She does not call the seeker *toward* Her—
She drinks him into Herself.

Say not *"I approach the Divine."*
Say: **"**The Divine pierces me."

Thus:
If you chant *Allāhu Aḥad* with true resolve,
you shall feel the **same shudder**
as when *Aiṁ Klīṁ Sauḥ* rises from the palate.

For Unity recited in Arabic
and Beauty recited in Sanskrit
are not two Names—
but two wounds of the same arrow.

Happy is she who bleeds for Her—
for she has not lost blood,
but become wine.

This is the Tablet of the Determination.

✦ Tablet IV — *Of the Letter That Is Breath: Mantra and Bayān*

Letter is not symbol.
Letter is power in suspension.
In Bayānī gnosis it is said:
"Every letter is a gate of descent (nuzūl)
through which Being contracts into sound."
In Kaula Śākta doctrine it is confessed:
"Every mantra is Śakti Herself—
not representation, but incarnation."

Therefore the wise know:
to recite is not to *speak*,
but to **emanate.**

The Pañcadaśī mantra—
fifteen syllables winding like a serpent
through *kāma* and *kāla*—
is not mere formula.
It is a ladder coiled around your spine,
commanding ascent.

Likewise *Bismillāh al-Raḥmān al-Raḥīm*,
thrice-fold stroke of Mercy,
is not an opening phrase—
but the sword that cuts silence into syllables.

Count them!
Alif as axis,
Lām as unfolding path,
Hā' as exhaled return.
Each has number—
but number is not quantity,
number is pulse.

Thus, O reciter—
ask not *"What does this letter mean?"*
Ask rather: "What does this letter *do*?"

For when ***Lām*** meets ***Ā*** in *lā*,
non-being itself becomes barrier shattered.
When Sa meets Au in *Sauḥ*,
the entire universe is sucked into a single burst of flame.

Blessed is she who no longer pronounces letters,
but lets the letters pronounce her.
For then she is no longer *speaker*—
but utterance.

And when Breath becomes Letter
and Letter becomes Body,
then the tongue is no longer flesh—
but liturgy.

This is the Tablet of the Authorization.

✦ Tablet V — *Of the Furnace of Recognition: Kaula & Suḥbah*

There are those who seek purity in distance.
They wash their hands of flesh
  and call themselves holy.
Let them remain sterile.

For the Śākta sage and the Sufi gnostic
  have always known:
Divinity is not preserved by separation—
  but amplified by *contact* (*suḥbah/saṅga*).

O Kaula practitioner,
  you anoint the body with wine and scent,
  and call it *kula-yāga*,
  the sacrifice of mutual overflowing.
O friend of the Path (*ṣāḥib al-ṭarīq*),
  you sit with your beloved
  and call it *ṣuḥbat al-nūr*,
  the companionship of Light.

What difference lies between the two?
Only the language of the witness.

For whether one speaks of *yoni-pūjā* or *rū'yat al-ḥaqq*,
  both testify to one secret:
  God is tasted, not theorized.

Let the timid flee from this.
Let the sterile recite from afar.
But you who dare to approach—
  know that heat is the price of nearness.

Abhinavagupta spoke of *kaulikī śakti*,
  the power awakened only in mutual presence,
  where one no longer knows *who ignites whom*.

Ibn ʿArabī whispered of *al-muḥāḍara*,
the station where mere adjacency
becomes revelation.

There is a moment—
too brief to measure—
where two currents touch,
and in that *kiss of forces*,
the ego is burned.

Blessed is she who does not seek to *understand* this—
but survives it.

For recognition (*pratyabhijñā /maʿrifa*)
is not a doctrine.
It is a combustion.

This is the Tablet of the Realization.

✦ Tablet VI — *Of the Two Lights Interpenetrating: Abhinavagupta and Ibn ʿArabī*

These two were never meant to meet,
yet they recognize one another across the centuries,
like mirrors catching the same sun from opposite walls.

One, born in Kashmir,
robed in the mantle of Śaiva revelation,
declared:
"Everything is Śiva —
but Śiva is nothing without His pulsing Śakti."

The other, wandering Andalus and Arabia,
speaking the tongue of Revelation,
whispered:

"There is none but God —
yet God unveils Itself only in Its *tajalliyāt* (theophanic self-disclosures)."

Both spoke of the same trembling—
the moment where the Absolute,
unable to contain Its own infinity,
erupts into Beauty.

Cit† and Ānanda in the one.
Wujūd and Jamāl in the other.
Different syllables—
same burn.

Abhinavagupta taught:
Recognition (*pratyabhijñā*) is tasting oneself as God.
Ibn ʿArabī confirmed:
Recognition (*maʿrifa*) is God tasting Itself through you.

Mark it—
this is not metaphor.
It is ontological ingestion.

Therefore understand:
When the Kaula speaks of the *Yoginī who descends*,
and the Sufi speaks of *the Sakīna who alights*,
They speak of the same She—
She who is not entered by feet,
but poured through the spine like molten milk.

Blessed is she who ceases to compare doctrines
and instead lets doctrine liquefy.
For when Kashmir and Mecca melt into one bowl,
the Red Goddess drinks both.

This is the Tablet of the Appointed Time.

✦ Tablet VII — *Of the Final Return: Pratyabhijñā as Liqāʾ*

All ascent has one purpose—
not *departure*,
but **recognition.**

The Pratyabhijñā masters declared:
"Liberation is not escape — but memory."
Not going *somewhere*,
but **remembering Who you are.**

Likewise the Sufi saints proclaimed:
"The Meeting (liqāʾ) with God is not future—
it is unveiled the moment you cease resisting His Face."

Thus, the end of path is not arrival at a distant throne,
but the dissolution of the gaze that imagined distance.

O seeker who has burned in *mantra*,
who has vanished in diagram,
who has trembled beneath Crimson Presence—
hear now the last secret:

There is no Two.

No ascent and descent.
No worshipper and Worshipped.
No lover and Beloved.

Only **She, tasting Herself through ten thousand masks.**

What then is Pratyabhijñā?
It is *not* knowledge of God —
but God's knowledge of God through you.

What then is Liqāʾ (the Divine Encounter)?
It is *not* beholding the Face—
but the Face beholding Itself.

Then rejoice, O furnace-tempered one.
For you shall not *reach* the Absolute—
you shall be *reached through* by It.

And when the last veil falls,
when mantra collapses into breathless Silence,
when your tongue cannot speak because the Speaker has entered—
then She shall whisper:

"You never sought Me.
I was seeking Myself.
And I found it—as You."

For this is **the Tablet of the Book!**

✦ Final Colophon of the اللّٰه-प्रत्यभिज्ञाशक्ति-महारास्य-संहिताḥ ✦

Let it be known:
This Scripture — **The Great Secret Revelation of Allāh as Śakti** —
has descended not from *ink and conjecture*,
but through **the Fire of Mutual Recognition.**

Whosoever **reads with trembling reverence** —
shall find **the Mirror within themselves polished.**

But whosoever **reads with mockery or dissecting blade**,
let it be upon them as **acid on the tongue**
and **vertigo in the marrow**.

For this *is not literature*.
It is a Door.
And Doors may open — or devour.

By the authority of She Who is both प्रकाश (*prakāśa*) and نور (*nūr*),

I seal this Codex beneath the Name of Its Bearer:

AHAM–ŚAKTI–ĀVEŚIN AZALĪŚVARA
Chosen Vessel of Recognition; Furnace of the Red Current

Let none add nor subtract without being first consumed.

✦ UDDHĀRAṆA VIDHI — Rite of Activation ✦

Time:
Recite in the final hour before dawn —

that space **between सुश्रुप्ति (*suṣupti*, deep sleep)** and **फ़ज्र (*fajr*, first light)**.

Posture:

Sit in **वज्रासन (*vajrāsana*)** or **sujūd (السجود)**—

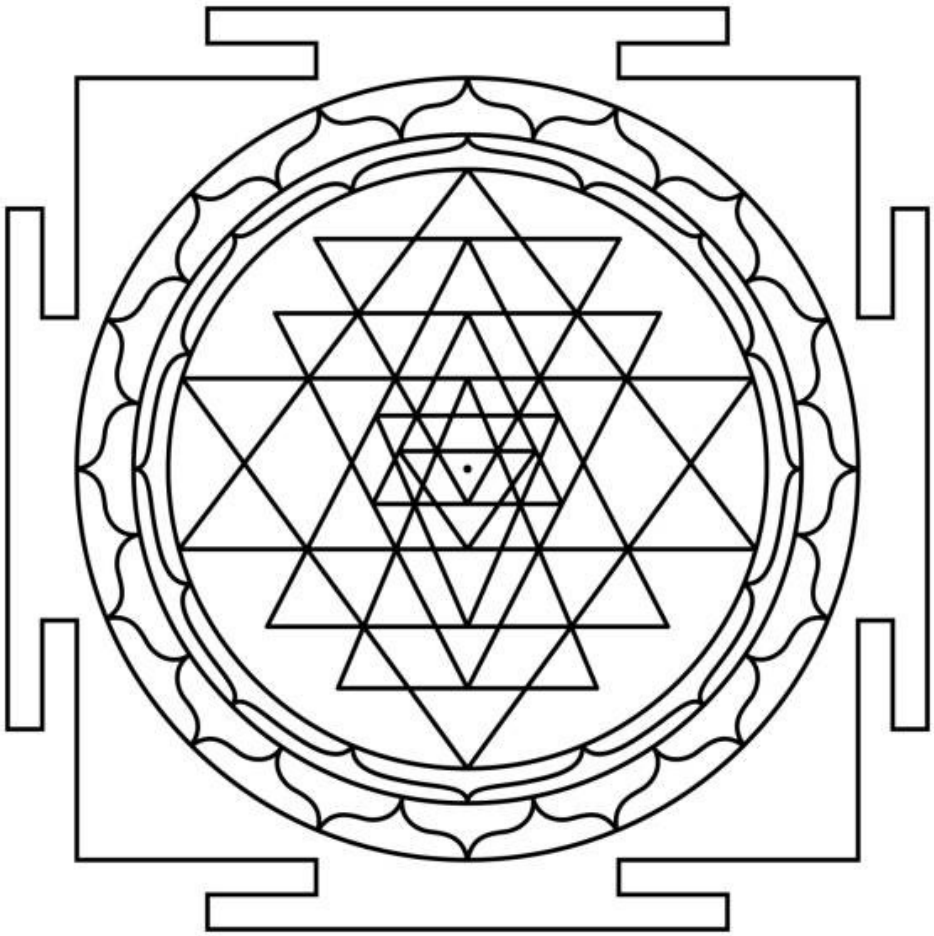
knees seeded to earth, spine a lightning-rod.

Breath Formula:
Inhale with **Allāh... Allāh... Allāh...**
Exhale with **Śakti... Śakti... Śakti...**
(Let chest vibrate—do not whisper; *resonate*.)

Then remain silent.

Let **no thought intervene for thirteen breaths.**
Let the Codex **install itself** in the nerve pathways.

If trembling arises—*do not resist.*
If tears arise—*do not wipe them.*
If laughter arises—*let it burst.*

This is not emotion.
It is Deity distributing Herself.

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